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Bedawin Women.

(By M. Jennie Street.)

Not the least interesting among the peoples of Bible lands are the Bedawin—wandering Arabs who dwell in the deserts around Palestine, and often pitch their black tents or 'houses of hair' on the sunny plains of Galilee or in the valley of the Jordan. There are many distinct tribes of these remarkable people, and some of them are large and powerful, possessing as many

there are mongrel, low-type nomads, who are little better than thievish gipsies, and who live in a state of dirt and squalor.

Perhaps it is a libel, but some people who know them say that the Bedawin never wash; but, whether from lack of soap and water, or through long exposure to the hot sun of the desert, their skins are unusually swarthy, so that their finger-nails gleam white by contrast. The men are often handsome, always picturesque, and though the older women are anything but attrac-

and convenient for its wearers, the Bedawin woman's attire is hardly likely to win the approbation of civilized eyes.

It invariably consists of a big loose blouse of cotton stuff dyed dark indigo blue, with immense pointed sleeves. When it is new this garment trails on the ground, and its owner looks almost dignified; but hard wear soon reduces it to such a state of dilapidation that it is surprising its wearer can contrive to keep it together.

The ladies in the photograph are quite respectably dressed—for Bedawin women. In many cases, as Dr. Selah Merrill says, a Bedawin woman's costume can only be truthfully described as a bundle of blue rags, patched and stained and faded.

Generally speaking, the women of the Bedawin have a happier lot than their sisters among the settled Arabs. Polygamy is not common in the tents of the wilderness, and it is said that a Bedawin man regards his wife 'as a precious jewel confided to his care.' Certainly many Bedawin matrons appear to receive a good deal of respect, and they have a much more free and dignified bearing than the over-worked, ill-used 'fellahât,' or women of the villages. They do not wear face-veils, and though they will sometimes cover their faces while talking to a male stranger, their intercourse with the opposite sex is not nearly so restricted as it would be in a town or a village. But they have to work—in some ways—harder than their husbands. Tasks that the men disdain, such as collecting firewood and fetching water, fall to them; and they have to mend the tents, cook the meals—not very elaborate ones—look after the children, help in the care of the flocks, and assist in the queer, haphazard sort of packing that is undertaken when the tribe moves from one encampment to another.

Unlikely as it seems when we look at such typical women as those in the photograph, one of the greatest delights of the Bedawin women is the adornment of their persons. Of course they have their own ideas about it. Their faces and hands are tattooed with more or less elaborate designs in blue; their hair is frequently dyed red or some other inappropriate color; while they are intensely fond of jewellery, and wear as much of it as they are able to get. Their taste in ornaments may be guessed at from a story told by Dr. Merrill, in his 'East of the Jordan.' He says that some Bedawin women once visited a friend of his, and with their usual inquisitiveness asked a great number of questions about her belongings. At last one of them took up a button-hook, and inquired if it was not an earring!

Like other Eastern women, Bedawin mothers are passionately attached to their children, especially to their sons, and nothing is considered too good for a Bedawin boy. It is a common and very pretty sight to see a naked urchin sitting on his mother's shoulder and holding fast to her head with his strong little hands; and the Rev. J. Neill has pointed out that this ancient fashion of carrying children has one great advantage—it prepares them for the riding that forms such a frequent experience in their later life. They are bright-eyed, quick-witted little creatures, these small Ishmaelites of to-day; and it is



BEDAWIN WOMEN WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

as ten thousand camels, besides sheep, goats, and horses, and owning thousands of tents—it is a curious fact that the Bedawin always estimate the size of a tribe by the number of its tents—a rough-and-ready sort of census that is not of much use to statisticians.

Other tribes are small and poor, hardly more than large families; and besides these

tive, many of the younger ones are as 'comely' as the sunburned Shulamite. They have dark eyes and glossy black hair, and they are generally short, slight, and wonderfully erect. Perhaps that is because their dress is much more rational than the garments of a fashionable English lady! Still, although it is rational in many respects, and—we must suppose—comfortable

pleasant to know that in the school carried on by the British Syrian Mission in the pine forest near Beyrout many of them are learning to know him of whom it is foretold that 'they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him,' and whose blessed rule shall yet make the desert rejoice.—'Silver Link.'

'With Power.'

(By D. L. Moody.)

The late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, once said at Northfield that as you walk up the thoroughfares of our great cities you often see the sign, 'This store to let, with or without power.'

Back in the building somewhere there is an engine, and if a man wants to manufacture he can hitch on to the power; if not, he can hire the store without power.

Dr. Gordon thought it would be a good thing to ask a man who wants to join the church if he wants to be a member 'with or without power.' If he said, 'Without power,' we could honestly say, 'We have plenty of that kind already.'

What the church needs to-day is more members with power. 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.' I have no sympathy with the idea of toiling all night and catching nothing. And yet nine-tenths of Christian workers, not to speak of church-members in general, never think of looking to the Holy Ghost for this power.

There is a difference between strength and power. Goliath had strength; David had power.

There is a difference between influence and power. The high priests and the Pharisees had influence. Peter and the other apostles after Pentecost, had power.

There is a difference between the indwelling of the Holy Ghost and his filling one with power. Every true child of God, who has been cleansed by the blood of Christ, is a temple or dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost. But yet he may not have fulness of power.

In the third chapter of John, Nicodemus went to Jesus by night to get light, and I have no doubt he got it; but he did not receive it in abundance, or he would not have stayed in the Sanhedrin three years, listening to all the mean, cutting things they said of Jesus. It took the death of Christ to bring him out manfully and boldly.

In the seventh chapter of John we find a different character. That last day of the feast Christ stood in the temple, crying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

A man like that would not have stayed in the Sanhedrin for three years; he would have smashed up every Sanhedrin on earth. Four walls cannot contain the influence of a man who is full of the Holy Ghost and power. 'Rivers of living water!' Think of the rivers that flowed from C. H. Spurgeon and George Muller!

Let us pray for this power. The disciples were told to wait ten days, but, thank God! we don't have to wait now, because the Holy Spirit is here.

The power of the Holy Ghost is the one thing that can save the church and save our country. We need more preaching in this power, not in the power of human eloquence and mental gifts. We need more singing in power, the way that the Levites were singing when the Shekinah came and filled the temple of Solomon. Many a church has lost power because of an ungodly choir, or a choir that sings in an un-

known tongue. Fathers and mothers need power to live aright, and teach their children the ways of righteousness.

I wish we were all dead in earnest. What does a hungry man want? Money? No. Fame? No. Good clothes? No. He wants food. What does a thirsty man want? Stocks and bonds? No; he wants water. When we really hunger and thirst for Holy Ghost power, nothing else will satisfy us.

God has commanded us to be filled with the Holy Ghost. We have his promise he will pour water on him that is thirsty. Claim that promise now in faith, fulfil the conditions laid down in the Word, and God will not disappoint you.—'C. E. World.'

The Teachers Who Read.

(S. S. Worker.)

A Bible commentary is certainly a good book for a teacher to read, but not in his class. Let him read it at home and leave it there. Restless boys grow more restless when their teacher kindly exclaims: 'On this point I shall read to you what is said in the latest commentary,' and they behold with dismay the big book opened, and know that dreariness awaits them. Whisper they cannot, but they can smile and wink, and when these efforts to while away the time are exhausted they can fall back upon a yawn. And when the mouth is opened in a yawn the ears are sure to be closed. Yawning produces temporary deafness, a sad fact which teachers and some preachers should not forget.

Sometimes, instead of a commentary, an 'interesting extract,' as it is mistakenly called, is read from the newspaper. It proves to be an extract indeed, but devoid of interest, and of immoderate length. Though taken from a newspaper it happens to be dull.

Avoid reading in the class! Translate into your own language what you read, and give it in your own conversational way. Bye your scholars and mark what is the effect upon them of what you say. If you lose the attention begin to ask questions. There is something in the tone of an average reader which makes you forget that you are expected to listen. It sets your thoughts wandering afar, it soothes you if you are verging on age, or makes you restless if you have youth and vigor.

Straws Showing the Way of the Wind.

In a dreary country village, within two hours' ride of Boston, a lady of culture and refinement found herself fated to live in surroundings wholly uncongenial to her beauty-loving nature. She saw around her a commonplace, narrow-minded people; a bigoted, lifeless church. In some parts of the town existed an immortality and heathenism scarcely to be credited of a simple farming population, which has had churches and schools for over a century.

Under conditions like these, what could a woman do? Should she shut herself up with her books, and bemoan her lack of the society and culture which she craved? Not so! She was a daughter of the King, pledged to 'lend a hand.' So, counting this simply as a grand opportunity, she set herself to work. She shrewdly perceived that there was small use in approaching these people at first from the religious side. They had had enough of Christianity, as they knew it, and they had a supreme indifference to all that it could offer. What, then, could be done?

Carefully refraining from touching their

prejudices, she began to gather a little band of The King's Daughters, which steadily grew in numbers from seven to more than fifty members.

Obtaining the use of two rooms in a vacant house, and furnishing them simply, she invited the members to meet her there once a week, and bring all the flowers which they could collect, to be sent to Boston and distributed to the sick in hospitals. By this flower-chain she bound them together. The flower-work itself was lovely, but it meant more than the mere brightening of a day for the dwellers in tenement houses. In more than one instance it lifted the tired, empty-headed, gossiping women who gathered them, out of their narrow lives, and gave them a glimpse of something above and beyond themselves. Through the hot July sun, over the dusty road, they came, with their arms full of the beautiful wild flowers, whose value they had never dreamed of before, and of whose very existence they scarcely thought until asked to search for them. Then, assembling around their leader, she read to them of the poor and sick and wretched in the crowded attics and reeking cellars of the great cities. From Helen Campbell's 'Prisoners of Poverty' they learned for the first time that life in the great fascinating, rich city was not all their imagination had pictured it; that there was drudgery and suffering far worse than theirs; and that fresh air, and an abundance of comfortable food, and plenty of room were greater blessings than they had appreciated.

They begged eagerly for more and more, and these readings often extended to two hours. Then, busily working at the long tables, they arranged their flowers, laying them in the grass to be kept moist by the dew during the night.

Then, at five o'clock the following morning, their leader arose and carefully packed the flowers in two huge baskets, that they might be ready for the seven o'clock train to Boston, the superintendent of the road generously arranging to take them free of charge. Once in the city, kind hands made them into beautiful bouquets, which were distributed to the aged and the sick. Often these flowers took their bloom and fragrance into two hundred homes a day.—'Silver Cross.'

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links,
That time around him binds so fast
Pleas'd with the task he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last
—Moore.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

May 26, Sun.—The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart.

May 27, Mon.—This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

May 28, Tues.—I obtained mercy.

May 29, Wed.—There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.

May 30, Thur.—God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

May 31, Fri.—Sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

June 1, Sat.—Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How it Paid to Keep the Sabbath.

A TRUE STORY.

'And you don't care to do a bit of gardening on a Sunday, Mr. Royal?'

'Not I. Six days are enough for me to work in.'

'Nonsense! Change of work is as good as play, you know.'

'I don't care about playing either. You may laugh, and call me old-fashioned, but I can never forget a text which I learnt when I was a boy—"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary."

One day the firm for which my mother worked had an uncommonly big order come in; the work had to be done by a given time, and all was hurry and drive. I may tell you it was when those big poke bonnets were worn, and before the present Factory Act was passed.'

'A long time ago, then, Mr. Royal.'

'Of course; I'm no chicken, and it happened when I was a child; but, as I said before, my mother was left a widow, and had a lot of little mouths to fill. The manager was at his wits' end to get the order executed in time; it was a rare job for him, so he said the hands must work overtime and Sundays, too, till it was done. My mother went to him, and quietly and firmly said she

can hardly realize what that means to a woman, when she is the only bread-winner, and there is no loaf in the cupboard.'

'Her Sabbath-keeping didn't pay, then.'

'Wait a bit, my friend, and you will hear. One morning the manager sent for mother. I remember it well, for she trembled and cried.

"Don't cry, mother," said I, "perhaps he means to take you on again!"

"Let's hope so, Johnny!" said my mother, as she kissed me, and bade me take care of the little ones. Well, the long and short of it was just this: the manager had nearly all that big order thrown back on his hands; the goods weren't up to sample, the work was faulty, the shape in many cases wrong, and there was a fine outcry; but the queer part of it was, that every bonnet of my mother's making was pronounced of the best quality and the finest workmanship, besides being as many in number as those turned out by each of the women who had worked in the factory every week-day and on Sunday, too.

'The manager's heart was touched. "Mrs. Royal," he said, "you have acted the part of a faithful Christian, and an industrious one, too; so please come back to the factory, and forgive and forget."

'This my mother did with thankfulness; but the manager never forgot her, or the lesson her steadfastness taught him.'

'And you tread in her steps, Mr. Royal?'

'I humbly hope so. I try to. There, the bell has started ringing for church; leave the digging and come with me.'

'Is there time for me to get ready?'

'Plenty, and plenty of room.'

'A word spoken in season, how good is it!'—Elizabeth Norton, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Saturday Night.

Placing little hats all in a row,
Ready for Church on the morrow, you know:

Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed,
Putting them into clean garments and white;

That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin,
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look bright;
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer.

Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
The Shepherd who gathers the lambs to His fold.

Watching them listen with childish delight,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep—
Silence the token of childhood's first sleep.
Anxious to know if the dear ones are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form.

Kissing each little face, rosy and bright,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly bowing her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray.
God guide and keep them from going astray.

Angels are telling with Angels' delight,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.



'That kind of thing is all gone out of fashion, nowadays.'

'God forbid! Besides, it pays to keep the Sabbath.'

'How do you make that out, Mr. Royal?'

'Would you care to hear a story—a true one, mind?'

'By all means. Out with it.'

'I expect you have heard of Dunstable, and Luton, and all those places where straw bonnets and hats are made?'

'Of course—who hasn't?'

'Well, when my mother was a girl, she lived in that part of the country, and did a lot of straw plaiting—got quite clever at it; she was left a widow early, poor dear, and then she worked at the bonnet-making in the factory. Women earned good money in those times.'

'They didn't work on Sundays.'

'Oh dear, no; but I'm coming to that.'

'could not, would not, work on Sunday.'

'"That's all nonsense, Mrs. Royal," said the manager; "you'll have to work on Sunday, like the rest, or quit." My mother thought about her little ones, but she stood firm.

'"I'll work later at night, sir," said she; "if you will let me take the plait home, I'll get through as much as possible; but I dare not break the Sabbath."

'"Maybe you'll tell another story yet," said the manager; "anyway, as we are driven up, you may take the plait home, but the factory is closed to you."

'Oh, it was hard for my mother: piece-work at home was not like day-work in the factory. Now she had to toil from morning far into the night to keep things going—dear, patient soul! At last the contract was complete; the order sent home; and—my mother was out of work. A man

Out of the Haze.

(Leander S. Keyser, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

The Rev. Dr. Overfield was the pastor of a large church in a flourishing city. Many of his parishioners—indeed, most of them—were practical people, too busy to give current questions of human speculation very close attention. Few of them, if any, could have told you what the doctor meant when he referred to the Ritschlian theology.

But the doctor, it must be said, was enchanted by some of the 'advanced' thought of the age, especially some of the extremely 'modern' views of the Scriptures, and of certain Christian doctrines. He therefore carried the atmosphere of the study into his pulpit, and had much to say about 'truth in new forms,' 'present-day thinking,' and the 'antiquated ideas' that had once been held, but were now given up. His members began to look at one another with interrogation points in their eyes.

'I couldn't quite make out the doctor's meaning to-day,' observed Mr. Welton, a leading merchant of the city, on his way from the church service one Sunday morning. 'Perhaps it is only because he is too profound for me.'

'I was thinking along the same line myself,' responded Lawyer Bates. 'Either I am becoming obtuse, or else the doctor is growing hazy.'

'Well, then, there must be a kind of fellow feeling between us. The fact is, I don't like to talk about my pastor, and for that reason I have not said anything to any one; but I couldn't help wondering how his sermon this morning impressed you.'

'To be honest, it impressed me as lacking in clearness. Perhaps I am more than usually dull, and therefore ought not to pass any criticism. But he spoke for forty minutes this morning on the inspiration of the Bible, and yet I can't tell now whether he really believes the Scriptures to be inspired or not.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the merchant, a little grimly. 'That's my own dilemma precisely. He said something about the old views having been exploded, but he didn't say explicitly what views had been accepted in their stead. Then, what was it he said about Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare having been inspired? Did he really mean to say that those men were inspired in the same way that the Biblical writers were inspired?'

'Well, he didn't exactly say that, but he certainly hinted something of the kind,' remarked the lawyer. 'The trouble is, the whole thing was misty. One doesn't feel that one has been greatly edified by such pointless preaching.'

As the two men parted, a certain well-known 'free thinker' of the city stepped up and walked by the side of Mr. Welton.

'How do you do, Mr. Welton?' he said jovially. 'Well, I've been at the service at your church this morning, and heard Dr. Overfield's sermon.'

'What did you think of it?' asked Mr. Welton, eyeing his companion narrowly.

'It was good, excellent, first-rate!' broke out the free thinker, with not a little enthusiasm. 'Not quite as outspoken as I should have liked, but the doctor is coming around all right. I see that clearly. The old foggy ideas of one inspired book and only one are fast becoming obsolete. The doctor is catching on to the advanced thought of the day. He'll come out all right, never fear, sir! Good-day, sir. Pleasant morning.'

Mr. Welton turned the corner and walked up the street in a thoughtful frame of mind.

The next Sunday morning the doctor chose the character of Christ as the theme of his discussion. He had a good deal to say to the effect that Christ is not the same to-day as he has been in the past; that he is different in every age, fitting himself into the spirit of the times, thus assuming Protean forms.

'I couldn't understand the Doctor to-day,' said Mrs. Douglass to one of her friends, after the service. 'If I remember correctly, the Bible says that Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."'

'Well, I suppose the doctor really meant that the age, and not Christ himself changes,' replied the friend, apologetically.

'Then he should have said so,' returned the good woman, adding a little sharply: 'I believe a preacher ought always to say what he means and mean what he says.'

'Yes, that would be the better way, I admit.'

Time went on, and more and more the members of Dr. Overfield's congregation grew perplexed. Some of them sympathized with his frequent allusions to 'modern ideas'; others were grieved by his evident departure from clear and positive ground, while most of them simply looked on and wondered what he was trying to teach.

At length he announced that he would deliver a series of sermons on 'Last Things.' His first subject was stated as follows:—

'Is there a heaven?' The discourse was a feat of mental gymnastics. Instead of throwing the clear light of Scripture upon the theme, he surrounded the future life with the mist and uncertainty of a certain style of modern speculation. The future life was a 'state,' but what kind of a 'state' he did not know, and the congregation filed out of the auditorium in a mystified 'state' of mind.

'I always thought there was a real heaven, a pure and attractive place worth striving for; but I am very doubtful about it now,' whispered a woman who was weary with the toils and trials of life.

Thus the seeds of doubt were sown in many minds, all of which seemed to cast a pall upon the life of the church and cut the nerve of its activities. There were few additions to the membership, and no real, earnest efforts to rescue men from the power of sin.

But God had better things in store for pastor and people. An incident worth describing occurred the day after the doctor's sermon on heaven. He was reclining on a luxurious lounge in his study, enjoying his Monday's rest, when the doorbell rang. The visitor was one of the doctor's humblest parishioners.

'How do you do, Mrs. Allen?' was the doctor's cordial greeting. 'Come in, won't you?'

When the woman was seated, she began: 'I've come to speak to you about the sermon you preached last evening.'

'Well?' said the doctor, interrogatively.

'It has troubled me so much that I felt obliged to come to you and ask you to explain some things.'

'You mean to say that my sermon troubled you? How so, Mrs. Allen?'

'Well, you see, I have always thought that there was no doubt about heaven, about its being a real place in God's presence, where all our loved ones are happy and where we shall join them by and by; but somehow your sermon made it all seem so—so—shadowy and uncertain.'

The woman looked up appealingly into the doctor's face, her eyes gleaming with tears, and continued:

'You see, doctor, two years ago I buried my only child, a bright little girl of five. Her death almost broke my heart, and for a while I felt that I could not live without her; but I have been sustained by the thought that she is with Christ in our Father's house of many mansions; that she is happy with him, and that I shall some day meet her there. I never doubted these things for a moment, and they have been my only comfort. But now, since hearing your sermon last evening, I don't know what to believe. Tell me, doctor, the woman pleaded earnestly, 'is there really so much uncertainty about the future life?'

It was a crisis in Dr. Overfield's experience. Here was a woman with definite sorrow asking for a definite solace. Could he give it? What answer had his rationalistic theology ready for such an emergency as this? None! If he would be a true pastor to this troubled parishioner, he must come to her relief with a definite message—one that his new theology could not give. He thought rapidly in the few moments of hesitation that followed, and thought to a good purpose. The only clear and authoritative court of appeal was God's inspired Word, and there must be no doubt about its infallibility. He saw that plainly.

'My good women,' he replied, 'forget and forgive my poor sermon. It was filled with the speculations of men, which drowned the voice of God with their empty clamor. You asked me for bread and I gave you a stone. Go to the old Bible with your difficulties, and believe its testimony, it rings out the only clear note on the future life.'

Then he quoted a number of verses in his rich mellow voice:—'In my Father's house are many mansions'; 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father'; 'to die is gain'; Christ hath 'brought life and immortality to light'; to the penitent thief on the cross the Saviour said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise'; John the Revelator declared that the gates of the eternal city were open by day and by night.

As the Doctor quoted these familiar verses, the mists cleared away from his own mind, and the light of the future, as revealed in God's Word, shone undimmed upon him. The woman's face began to glow, and her tears flowed afresh, although now they were tears of joyful assurance.

'Thank you, doctor,' she said in parting, after they had knelt together in prayer. 'I feel now that I have stepped back upon solid ground.'

'And so have I,' quoth the astute theologian. 'Thank you for your visit. It was very timely, and has done me much good.'

It is simply necessary to add that Dr. Overfield was helped out of the haze of speculation by that morning's interview, and that the clear and positive tone of his preaching, based on God's Word, soon brought a gracious season of outpouring upon his church, as well as a great blessing upon himself.

'World Wide' is an effort to select from foreign journals and magazines many articles which are of intense interest to Canadians, but which heretofore have too often been lost in the great sea of current literature before they reached Canada. 'World Wide' is a sixteen page weekly, published at seventy-five cents per annum by John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

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The Christian Endeavor at Union Corners.

(By Alice A. Ferguson.)

Faith Harris had just returned home from the Christian Endeavor meeting at Union Corners. She was feeling rather discouraged. After removing her wraps, she drew up a comfortable chair to the fire, and thinking it all over, wondered what could be done. Fresh coal had been added to the fire and as she watched the darting tongues of red and blue flame, she thus summed up the meeting.

'Well, the attendance was fair, and the leader's paper a good one, but so few took part. The same two or three led in prayer; the same two or three spoke on the topic; night after night it was the same, and yet it was called a Christian Endeavor meeting. The Society seemed to be in a rut, and while a few were trying to pull it along, the majority smilingly got in, and allowed the others to do the pulling. Everyone must be made to feel that it is their meeting, and they are responsible for the success of it. If only those who wrote such good papers once in six months, would give us a little each week, what grand meetings we would have. I wonder'—

But just then the black coals took on peculiar shapes. The darting tongues of flame assumed the forms of minute beings—veritable imps. The scene was a dark cavern. In the centre on a throne sat an ugly black crone, the queen of the black imps. Around her leaped and danced the gruesome-looking creatures, darting here and there as others took their places. The queen was speaking.

'Well, my imps, so you have returned from the errand on which I sent you. Now report in turn and tell me what you did to try and make that so-called Endeavor meeting a failure. Come, Buzzy, you report first.'

'Your Majesty,' said he, giving his body a series of shrugs and jerks as he spoke, 'I visited about thirty young people, and kept their minds so busy that they never thought to pray for a blessing on the meeting. I may just mention that I had a couple of failures. I did try hard to make one think she had no time to pray, but at the last moment she got on her knees, and I saw there was no use there, so I made off, but I kept the rest from their knees.'

'Well done,' Buzzy, if only that could always be accomplished, we would have hopes of spoiling the Society yet. Now you, Dio, what have you to say?'

Dio was all grimaces, as he turned a handspring, which brought him before the queen.

'I went to the meeting,' grinned he, 'and sat in the back seats. It seems harder to handle front seat Christians than it does back seat ones; and then it is darker in the back seats and I cannot be so easily seen. I made the young folks believe they were not expected to take part, and made them feel quite comfortable within themselves,' and he turned a cartwheel into the corner of the cavern.

'And I,' said another, leaping into the place, 'I made several of those who would like to take part believe that because they could not speak like Deacon Jones or Sister Smith that therefore they had better not say anything, till they could in some way, become accustomed to speaking. Why, if they had even read a verse of Scripture or spoken a sentence it would have helped the meeting greatly, but I worked hard to keep them quiet.'

'Well done, my imp, you shall have an

extra dose of sulphur for your faithful services.'

'Next,' she cried.

Here a blacker, uglier imp than all the others, touched his black head to the burning steps of the throne, and said:

'I choked the fire so that it did not heat up the room, and because it was so cold, the meeting was made short, and some took cold, and others declared they would not come to get their death of cold. I felt chilly, too, and after throwing a chill over the meeting, hastened to warmer regions.'

'Well done, next!'

'Your Majesty, I made the young people believe that because they had never been accustomed to praying in public, and could not pray like a preacher, that they should not pray at all. I can hold my own pretty well in that. Very few cheat me there,' and he grinned a fiendish grin.

'And you?'

'I made the younger ones believe they were too young, it was only for older ones to take part.'

'And I,' hurriedly said another, 'kept most of them from studying the topic. Of course when their minds are on other things all week they cannot get room to be thinking about the Christian Endeavor topics, and so they have nothing ready.'

'I made them believe that the meetings were a great success, and that no added efforts were required,' said a sleek looking imp.

'Well done, one and all,' said the queen. 'If only you can get the Endeavorers to forget to pray about the work, and forget to think about the subject, and get them to be quiet in the meetings, why then we can afford to let the meetings continue. Not very much harm is being done. Of course there are a few with whom we can do nothing, but for the rest—and then the whole impish company joined hands and danced around the queen, singing:—

'Christian Endeavorers, what's in 'a name!'

At this the cavern grew light, and the forms faded from sight. In place of it, behold a garden of beautiful flowers, among which flew beautiful tiny-winged creatures, darting here and there in the rosy light.

Under a canopy of vines and flowers sat a beautiful little fairy queen, on whom it seemed a joy for the tiny flower fairies to attend. At a wave of her hand a number of beautiful fairies perched on the flowers around her.

'Now, my good sisters, I want your help and advice. What can you advise, and what can you do, to help make the Christian Endeavor Society at Union Corners a means of grace? Come, Hop-o-my-thumb, what can you suggest?'

'Most gracious Queen, I would suggest a Front Seat Brigade. Fill the front seats!'

'Good, and you Sunshine, what can you suggest?'

'A Comfort Committee to see that the church is warm enough in winter and well ventilated in summer, also that the lighting is good, and things comfortable.'

'Good, and you, Cheery?'

A United Prayer Band to pray for the success of the meeting, and for those who are not members that they might become Christians.'

'Get the members to take Christian Endeavor papers, and have something to say on the topic. If we can only get the members to take part we will be on the road to success.'

'Well done, thanks for suggestions,' exclaimed Faith, starting up.

But the beautiful garden had vanished, and the tiny fairies had disappeared. The

coal burned red and steadily and she was still in the arm chair.

'Why, I must have been dreaming,' thought she. 'However, I will try to act on the suggestions of the good fairies, and cheat those black rascals out of their fun. Trusting in God for help, we will have a good Christian Endeavor Society yet; in which every member is a true Endeavorer. Work and pray is my motto hereafter.'

One of the Sweet Old Chapters:

Mother was dying, and we, her grown-up children, were gathered in the old-fashioned room to witness the closing scene. We had known for some time that it was coming, for she walked with a feebler step each new day, and a sweeter smile rested upon her face every time we looked into it. Mother's smile had always been very sweet to us, but it seemed to become more tender and heavenly as the days went on, and we sometimes thought that she was looking right into the glory of the better life. Her eyes grew brighter at times, just as though unseen hands had lifted the thin veil between this world and the one to which she was going.

All that day we sat or stood around her couch of death, although it did not seem like death at all. The smile lingered constantly on her face, and her eyes were as clear and bright as the summer sky. She was evidently too happy to talk to us, and too much absorbed in heavenly things to notice earthly scenes. Sometimes her thin lips moved as if in prayer, and once she sang in tremulous voice, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'

None of us dared to weep in mother's presence, even if we had felt like it, for we caught, too, something of her holy joy and peace. So we could do nothing but smile also, as we stood around her bed.

Just as the light of the setting sun crept into the west window and fell upon her pillow, she suddenly said:

'Read to me one of the sweet old chapters.'

'Which one, mother?' we all asked in unison as the old family Bible was brought out.

She did not answer, and one of our number began to read the last chapter in the book that she loved so well. When the fifth verse was read she repeated the words.

'And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever.'

We thought that mother did not notice any more of the chapter as it was read, for a far-away absent look crept over her face, and she kept repeating that one verse.

Soon a sweet, solemn stillness settled down upon her, and we knew that her happy soul had gone home. At first we thought that the sunlight upon the pillow had stolen up to her face and thus glorified it, but we soon saw that it was a fairer light than of setting sun. The peace of heaven was hers at last, and she would never need to listen again 'to one of the sweet old chapters,' for all of its precious promises had been fulfilled and blossomed out into eternal joy.

How sweet to meet the Master with the wedding garment on—how blessed to drift out upon the pulsing sea with every white sail unfurled in the pure breeze! Mother was ready to go, and this was why she went so sweetly away with the King of Glory.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and none other can,
—Cowper.

Only a Dime

It was only a dime, earned by the sweat of a youthful brow—a single shining dime, which made one little heart to pulsate with pleasure and pride as he placed it carefully away.

How should he spend it? A score of pleasant visions flashed before his mind. He knew that it might purchase all the little toys peculiar to boyish play. But only the year before Willie had given his heart to Jesus, and after the kind pastor had welcomed him into the church, he said to him: 'Willie, in this land of ours there are many little boys and girls who have never heard of Jesus. Cannot you, out of your earnings, help to send them the blessed word of Christ's undying love?' And Willie, with a heart beating in the strength of its early love, had answered, 'Yes.'

Ah! but should he send this, his first and only dime? It was his own; his very own; he had toiled so hard to earn it, surely he could not be expected to part with it thus. Then came the remembrance of the pastor's words and the thought, 'Christ died for these little boys and girls, and they do not know it.' He was generous and impulsive, and in a moment his heart was all astir with pity and love. 'Yes, I will do it,' he cried. 'I will take my precious dime and send a Testament to one of those boys.' He bought it, a neat little Testament; and on the fly-leaf the pastor wrote the words, 'From Willie Gray to a little boy who has never heard of Jesus,' and beneath it the words, 'For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.'

Out in a rude settlement in Dakota lived a herdsman and his little son. Years before, he had settled there, and the bright-eyed boy, his only companion, had never heard the name of Jesus. In his babyhood the mother had died and the father, never a Christian, had from that time hardened his heart against God.

One morning at the door of the rude hut the father found a small package simply labelled 'To Willie.'

The child was wild with glee. Never before had a gift fallen to his lot. What could it be? The father's heart was touched with the child's innocent delight. 'A little book? What is it, papa?' he cried. The father looked startled, and a confused look of shame covered his face. 'A Testament, Willie.' 'What is a Testament, papa?' 'God's word.' 'Who is God?' Here the man was startled anew; the name had not crossed his lips for years. It was a simple question, but the child had to repeat it.

'Who is God, papa?'

'The maker of heaven and earth.'

'What? did he make all things?'

'Yes, Willie.'

'Oh, what a great man he must be! Will you read the story to me?'

The father paused irresolute. Should he do it? Read to his son of the God who had removed from him the dearest, ay, almost the only object of his love? The child's pleading looks decided him. He turned to the sacred page and read the simple story of Christ's birth; the wise men following the guiding star in the east; the wicked Herod who would destroy his young life; the young lad questioning the lawyers in the temple; the tender and simple parable taught by the man Jesus; his holy and just dealings with the disciples; and last, his shameful betrayal and death on the cross.

When he finished, the little child by his side was weeping.



FISHING.

'Oh, papa, did the good man, Jesus, die on the cross for you and me?'

'Yes, Willie.'

'Then I mean to love him; don't you?'

The father's heart was touched by the words, and they mingled their tears together—the man who for ten years had denied the existence of his maker, and the child who had never before heard the touching story of the cross.

'And a little child shall lead them.'

By this simple agency the hardened and sin-stained heart of the father was brought to the foot of the cross.

One morning, to Willie Gray in his Eastern home, came this little missive:—'To the little boy who sent the Testament to my little boy: May God's richest blessing ever rest upon him. He has been his instrument in bringing two souls to Jesus. He has made me confess the Saviour whom I denied. He has filled my child's heart with the peace of God. Thank God with us for his saving power. If our lives are spared, my son shall be trained to proclaim the blessed truth of the Gospel. Again I say, God bless Willie Gray.'

You cannot guess the joy that thrilled the heart of Willie Gray that day. Humble and happy for the spirit and love which prompted him to send to the little boy in the West the Testament purchased with his precious dime.

Many years later, and the pulpit of that church in Willie Gray's village was vacant. Willie was grown to manhood, and now known in the church as Deacon Gray. One Sabbath morning there came a candidate into the pulpit bearing the marks of genius in word and look. He prayed, and his hearers bowed before the presence of their

living God. Then he gave his text, those words of Ezek. ii., 9—'A hand was sent unto me,' and told the touching story of his own early life—the Testament, the simple gift of the lad which had brought to the cross the heart of the father and the tender heart of the child. With emotion he said, 'My father is in heaven now, brought there, through God's grace, by the hand of Willie Gray.' The young deacon was visibly startled. What! was he never to hear the last of that simple gift of his? How many hundredfold was he to reap from that dime, his first earnings?

After the service, as the young preacher was grasped by the hand by one and another of the warm-hearted people, he felt one grasp, heartier than the rest, as Deacon Gray quoted the words, 'For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.' In answer to the inquiring look, he continued, 'I am Willie Gray.'

'Then by the grace of God I have found the man to whom I owe my life of ministry here. "A hand was sent unto me."'

It was only a dime, but how many souls had it blessed! How often had it glorified the name of God! It had increased his followers, but by what number? It had already enriched eternity, but who could tell how many more were to follow, led by its teachings?

Only a dime—but given in the name of Jesus it shall go on bearing fruit while the foundations of the earth stand.

Only a dime—and a father led to Jesus, and a young child is trained for the ministry of Christ.

Only a dime—and the soul of the child who gave it grows tender in love for his

fellows, and rich in the grace of God.—Woman's Executive Committee, Reformed Church.

Why the Boys Changed their Minds.

'Where are you going, Ned?'
'Down to the orchard to look for a bird's nest.'

'What for?'
'Why, you know our teacher, Miss Graham? She has a collection of nests. She was showing them to my sister and me the day we went there on an errand. I thought that maybe I could find something down in our orchard that she hasn't. So many birds build there. Will you come along, Jack?'

'Why, yes, of course. I'll help you look.'
Ned was hurrying along in the direction of the orchard, and Jack soon caught up with him. In a few minutes they were among the trees, looking first at one, and then at another, in the hope of finding something very unusual.

'There's a beauty, Ned; let's take that.'
'That's so; it is a beauty, and no mistake.'

The boys were now standing under the wide-spreading branches of a low tree. Their attention had been taken by a delicate little structure woven of thin blades of dried grass, shaped somewhat like a basket, and fastened securely to two of the outer branches. The sunlight resting on it made it look almost as yellow as gold. Its fragile contents, light-grayish eggs with curiously shaped spots of brown, added to the beauty of the picture. The nest was so low as to be easily examined.

'It's tight enough. How shall we get it without spoiling it?' Jack inquired.

'Wait!' and Ned lifted a warning finger.

The boys drew back just as a yellowish bird darted out from among the branches and took up a position in a tree close by. It was followed by another, a lovely creature in chestnut and black. Both seemed greatly alarmed, but the former only fidgeted about on the tree while the latter gave expression to its feelings in notes that were decided, but not unmusical.

'I know that bird—the one in chestnut and black,' whispered Ned; 'it's an orchard oriole.'

'What's the light one?' asked Jack.
'Why, that must be the female oriole, and that is their nest.'

'But ain't the same kind of birds alike?' Jack inquired, wonderingly.

'Oh, no, father says they seldom are, that is, the male and the female. The male bird in most cases is prettier. Just see how we have frightened them. Let's hide where they can't see us, and watch what they do.'

'Yes, perhaps they'll go to the nest.'

The boys stepped softly behind a large tree near by. There they could see the nest without being seen by the birds. But it was several minutes before the timid creatures recovered from their alarm. They hopped about uneasily from branch to branch, looking this way and then that, as if to make sure that no enemy was near. Then the female oriole quietly slipped into the nest, and her mate went as near to it as he possibly could. Every little while he would glance at her and seem to say:—
'Don't you be afraid. I'm here, and I'll protect you.'

'Doesn't he seem proud of the nest?' whispered Ned.

'Yes, and see how contented she is sitting there on those eggs.'

'Say, Ned,' went on Jack, after a moment's thoughtful pause, 'it seems to me it would be a kind of a shame to take that nest away from them.'

'Just what I was thinking. They'd feel awful, I suppose. Let's don't. I never thought much about how they'd feel.'

'Neither did I. All right, we'll let them keep it.'

The boys watched a while longer, and then started for home.

'I wonder that Miss Graham would take the nests,' Jack remarked on the way.

'Well, I was just thinking that she probably takes them after the birds are done with them. I remember now, too, that she spoke of getting them late in the fall, and I'm sure she wouldn't do anything to hurt the birds, because she loves them so.'

'But don't you suppose they want the nests another year after all the trouble they take to build them?'

'I hardly think they do. Besides, Jack, the nests are blown about so, and so much spoiled by the storms of winter that they can't be worth much the following spring. They mostly blow down, too, so I think it is all right to take the deserted ones.'

'Then we can watch that orchard oriole's nest and take it for Miss Graham after the birds leave it.'

'Yes. It won't be so pretty then, I suppose, but she'll appreciate it. I wonder now that I ever could take a nest while the birds were using it, but I didn't think. I won't any more, though.'

'Neither will I,' Jack said decidedly.—S. Jennie Smith, in New York 'Observer.'

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

One Sunday evening a young man was walking along a street in G., on his way to some scene of pleasure when he was accosted by a person who stopped him and thrust a small bit of paper into his hand. The young man took it and read, by the light of the nearest lamp, the words, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' A sneer passed over his handsome face as he read, and throwing the paper from him he hastened on. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," doesn't apply to me, at any rate, for I am an infidel and do not believe anything of the kind," thought he. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Bother the thing, I can't get rid of it! . . . "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Sins? Conscience? Yes, but I acknowledge neither a future nor a God, and, therefore, I am not responsible. What do I care to have my sins made white, to use the figure, seeing that I own no duties beyond those necessary to natural existence? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." I am an infidel, stamping his foot, 'I don't believe in the Bible, the God of the Bible, the future or anything beyond the still, dark grave; so here's for a short life and a merry one. . . . "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Confound it! I wish I could get it out of my head. . . . "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." It is very forcible, very poetical. Certainly the Bible is a wonderful book. Granted for the sake of argument, that it is true, and that a God exists, I can easily understand religious people, who believe in a future either of joy or suffering, clinging to such sentences with a tenacity proportioned to their belief. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."

Admirable writing! Terse, forcible language! I wonder who wrote it. God, I suppose. God? why, there is no God; I forgot myself. If I could only remember my principles, and how logical and well founded the arguments are which support them, I should be all right. . . . "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Confound the thing! will nothing put a stop to this? Here is a meeting-house; I may as well turn in and see what they have to say. He entered, and was shown quietly into a seat at the door. A solemn silence reigned. The preacher had just read the text from the pulpit, and paused a moment before repeating it. Then in a gentle voice he pronounced the words:—'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' The ante-room of that meeting-house was always open for a short time after the service for the reception of those whom the message of the Lord had touched. That evening, among the anxious inquirers there was one who prayed with tears, 'Jesus, though my sins be dyed deeper than the deepest scarlet, do thou make them whiter than the purest snow.' And before he left the meeting-house that evening, he knew his sins were forgiven and his iniquities pardoned, through the precious blood of Christ.—'Faithful Witness.'

At Sea.

Night, and the wonder of starlight waking
High in the darkening dome!
Night, and the thunder of waters breaking
White on the prow in foam!
Night, and the music of shrouds and spars,
Harp of the wind, whose strings
Sing, sweetheart, to the listening stars
Wild, ineffable things!

Far astern in the distance, lining
All the horizon's rim,
White are the harbor beacons shining,
Dimmer, and yet more dim:
And the ship speeds forth on her eastward quest.

And the voice of the passing wind
Speaks, sweetheart, of the vanishing west
That I leave to-night behind.

Dear, deep eyes, of all eyes most tender,
Heart, of all hearts most true,
All of the blue night's widening splendor
Hallows its lips with you:
Yours is the name that the waters call,
Yours is the name the stars
Down from the infinite heights let fall
To echo among the spars.

Love, in the years to come hereafter,
Gold, as shall chance, or gray,
Still shall the sound of your lightsome laughter

Come at the close of day,
Come to recall what I leave behind—
Love, and the west, and you,
Dear, deep eyes, of all eyes most kind,
Heart, of all hearts most true!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

'World Wide' is an effort to select from foreign journals and magazines many articles which are of intense interest to Canadians, but which heretofore have too often been lost in the great sea of current literature before they reached Canada. 'World Wide' is a sixteen page weekly, published at seventy-five cents per annum by John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

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What Edith Found.

(*Christian Intelligencer.*)

It was a bright Sunday afternoon. Edith had been to church in the morning, and afterward to Sunday-school. She had had a long but pleasant walk home, and then, after dinner, she had amused the baby, while mamma was teaching Bible verses to the three other children. After that she had devoured her library book and still there was an hour to spare before mamma would need her help again.

She was beginning to wonder what she should do when grandma, who was making a visit to the family, stopped her reading to say: 'Edith, I was just thinking how pleasant it would be to look for Bible verses about flowers. Have you ever done it?'

'I think not, grandma, but it would be a lovely thing to do. I'll get my Bible right away.'

'Then get your mother's Bible dictionary, too, and some writing paper and a pencil.'

All these things were quickly produced, and then Edith seated herself by grandma's side.

In the first place, as the spring was opening, they tried to find something appropriate to the season. Grandma quickly turned to the Song of Solomon and read: — 'The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time for the singing of birds is come.'

'Isn't that beautiful?' exclaimed Edith, 'I should like to know what sort of flowers were blooming where that was written.'

'Travellers tell us that a multitude of flowers have their home in the Holy Land. If you will look at the first verse in this chapter you may find two of them mentioned.'

Edith read, 'I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys.'

'Let's try to find out something about the rose of Sharon,' suggested grandma.

By consulting the Bible dictionary, they learned that when the ancient poet wrote of the flower, and that also when the prophet Isaiah said, 'The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,' they probably meant not the true rose at all, but a fragrant narcissus which abounds in the plain of Sharon. It



GOING TO CHURCH IN FLOOD TIME.

is a great favorite in the East even now, and during the time of its blooming it is sold in the bazaars just as flowers from the woods and fields are offered for sale along the streets of New York. When Edith looked again at the words 'lily of the valleys,' she noticed that a reference was made to a verse in Hosea, which she quickly hunted up. It proved to be so beautiful that she committed it to memory. Here is the verse: 'I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.'

While she was learning these words grandma was searching for information about the lilies. She found that probably a white and fragrant sort once grew along the coast, and that this might have been spoken of as the lily of the valleys. Her book also told her that flowers resembling the lily, such as tulips, hyacinths, irises and the gladiolus are common in Palestine, and that the Arabs

speak of all these as lilies. The only true lily now growing in Palestine is the scarlet martagon.

While grandma was giving this information, or, rather, just as she stopped giving it, Edith bethought herself of a small book in her mother's possession, called, 'Pressed flowers from the Holy Land.' Having borrowed it, she turned to the page on which had been placed the Lily of the Field, or the Anemone Coronaria.

'Look at this, Grandma!' she exclaimed, triumphantly. 'Here's something real. No guesswork about this, for it was actually picked in Palestine.'

Grandma was delighted to see the dark red flower actually before her eyes, and she reverently repeated: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

'I think I'll make a picture of

that flower and copy the verse,' said Edith.

'That's an excellent plan,' responded her grandmother. So Edith, who was skilful with the pencil and had begun to use water-colors quite well, made a very pretty copy of the flower, placing the verse beneath it in neat, clear handwriting. While she was busy with the picture she was thinking at the same time how Jesus must have loved to see the beautiful flowers which bloomed so abundantly around Nazareth of Galilee, and she was glad that in the wonderful Life into which so much of sadness entered there came the sweet cheer and comforting of the ministry of flowers.

When her picture and verse were finished she presented them to grandma, who placed the sheet of paper in her Bible, saying that whenever she should look at it there would come the remembrance of a most delightful hour.

When I'm A Man.

When I am grown to be a man
I'll be like papa, if I can,
I'll have a moustache, stiff and brown,
And when I'm thinking I will frown
Three little wrinkles 'tween my eyes,
To make me look so old and wise.
I'll have some gold-framed glasses, too,
To make my eyes as good as new.
And when I go down town each day
I'll read the paper all the way.
I won't have very bushy hair,
Like Mozarewski, such a scare!
But in the middle of my head
I'll have a round bald spot instead.

When I am grown to be a man
I'll be a good one, if I can.
I will not smoke, nor drink, or swear,
And I'll be honest, kind and fair,
And if I have some boys like me,
You'll see what a good papa I'll be!
I'll give my children lots of fun,
And buy them peanuts by the ton.
Mamma says, though, that if I plan
To be so good when I'm a man,
I must begin now, right away,
And be a good boy every day.
So, when a grown man I am quite,
It will be easier to do right,
(I'd like to know, though, just for fun,
How old pa was when he begun.)
—Francis P. Carson.

The Little Brown Birdie.

'O mamma! do look at that dear little brown birdie on the twig there,' cried one of the children.

'Yes, dear; it is called a linnet. Linnets build such pretty little homes for their babies; come and I will show you one in the garden. See, here it is, in this bush. Is it not pretty? All made of grass and moss. They have only their bills to make it with. There are four little eggs, pale blue, and spotted with brown.'

'When I was a little girl I had a linnet. It tumbled out of its



LINNETS BUILD PRETTY HOMES.

nest, and old Sam, the gardener, found it and gave it to me. I had him for a long time, and he was called Brownie. But one day, when I went to feed him and let him fly about, I found him quite dead from old age.'

'Poor little thing; I should like one, mamma.'

'Well, dear, I will get you one when you are old enough to take care of it. It is very cruel to keep a pet if you do not look after it and be kind to it.'

Mamma said she knew a little girl who teased for a bird, and when it was given her, the little girl's brother had to take care of it. His mistress neglected him for her dolls. But the children said: 'Catch us neglect a dear little bird!'

Whose Happiness?

The small boy was drawing his still smaller neighbor along the walk in his little waggon. He looked up beaming, when a watchful face appeared at the doorway. 'I'm trying to make Fanny happy, aunt,' he said.

'What a beautiful spirit for the child to have,' exclaimed the admiring aunt, as she closed the door.

But presently, as she watched from the window, it seemed to her that the effort, however commendable, was not very successful. Wee Fanny was evidently afraid to ride, and was much more inclined to climb out of the waggon and draw it herself. This Master Robbie stoutly resisted.

'She doesn't like riding, Robbie,' explained the aunt. 'You must let her be horse, if you want to make her happy.'

'But I want to draw it myself, I want to make her happy doin' things I like to do,' answered Robbie, with a scowl.

Poor little boy, it was selfishness, after all. And that same 'beautiful spirit' lies at the root of much that we older ones also like to call kindness to others, and is the cause of the lack of gratitude which we resent. We want to make people happy by doing the things we like to do, and not by doing the things they would like to have done.—American Paper.

A Hint to Boys.

I stood in the store of a merchant the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

'Can you write a good hand?' he was asked.

'Yaas.'

'Good at figures.'

'Yaas.'

'That will do. I don't want you,' said the merchant.

'But,' said I when the boy had gone, 'I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?'

'Because he hasn't learned to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers when he has been here a month?'

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he ever applied for.—American Paper.

The Good Shepherd.

Jesus is our Shepherd,

Well we know his voice;

How its gentlest whisper

Makes our hearts rejoice;

Even when he chideth,

Tender is its tone;

None but He shall guide us,

We are his alone.

—Hymn.



LESSON IX.—JUNE 2.

Jesus Our High Priest in Heaven,

Hebrews ix., 11-14; 24-28. Memory verses, 24-26. Read Heb. ii., 17; 18; iii., 1, 2; iv., 14-15; v., 1-10; vii., 1-3; 21-28; x., 1-39; xii., 24.

Golden Text.

'He ever liveth to make intercession.'—Heb. vii., 25.

Lesson Text.

(11) But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; (12) Neither by the blood of goats and calves; but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. (13) For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; (14) How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? (24) For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: (25) Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; (26) For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. (27) And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: (28) So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

Suggestions.

The Epistle to the Hebrews is the key to the book of Leviticus, they explain each other. Leviticus tells of the atoning sacrifices all pointing forward to the Lamb of God, who in his own body on the cross bore the sins of the whole world. It tells also of the high priest who in his mediation between God and man typified the man Christ Jesus who is the only mediator between God and man (I. Tim. ii., 5) because he is perfect man and perfect God and no man can come to God except through Christ. (John xiv., 6.)

The Epistle to the Hebrews points out how all the beautiful ritual and symbolism of the Old Testament (or covenant) was but the picture of the new covenant which God was to make with his people and which was sealed and ratified by the precious blood of Christ. The first covenant was ratified by the blood of bulls and goats, for the law ordained that almost all things were to be cleansed by the sprinkling of blood and without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sins. Our great high priest has entered into the holiest place of all, into heaven itself, to appear before God on our behalf, making atonement with his own blood. And only by accepting his atonement and trusting him as our perfect Saviour can we find salvation and peace and eternal life.

When our Lord was on earth the Holy Spirit dwelt in him, when he ascended up into heaven the Holy Spirit still dwelt in him, but on the day of Pentecost he sent the Holy Spirit back to the world to dwell in the disciples and all who would at any time open their hearts to him. The fact that the Holy Spirit is on earth is a sure proof that Jesus is at the right hand of God in heaven, and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

He is able also to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him, for he is

alive forevermore and constantly making intercession, or praying to God for all his followers, and him that cometh he will in no wise cast out. (John vii., 37.) We may have some idea of what this intercession is by meditating on our Lord's warning to Simon Peter (Luke xxii., 31, 32) and the comforting assurance which he gave him after—'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' So he prays for us in all our trials and temptations, in the times of our poverty or prosperity, in our sicknesses or health, in our joy and in our sorrow, he watches tenderly over us, and knowing the needs of each human heart he prays continually that our faith may not fail, and God who is faithful in answering the prayers of Jesus, the sinless one, does not allow his children to be tempted beyond their strength, but with every temptation provides a way of escape that his children may not fall, (I. Cor. x., 13). The way of escape is simple trust in the living Saviour who is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. (Jude 24.)

The high priest bore the names of the twelve tribes on his shoulders and on his breastplate that they might be continually in God's remembrance. (Exodus xxviii., 12, 15, 21.) So our high priest in heaven, Jesus, carries our names written on his heart and on his shoulders before God. The breastplate signifies his tender and infinite love, and shoulders his omnipotent strength. He bears all our burdens and carries us in his heart of love.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 2.—Topic—How to get rid of sin.—I. John i., 5-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.**CHRIST MEETING WITH US.**

Mon., May 27.—Our meetings are Christ's.—Mal. iii., 16.

Tues., May 28.—We pray in Christ's name.—John xiv., 13.

Wed., May 29.—Old Testament points to Jesus.—Is. ix., 6.

Thu., May 30.—The New Testament reveals Christ.—Mark i., 1; Acts i., 1.

Fri., May 31.—The Spirit promised.—John xiv., 16; xv., 26.

Sat., June 1.—Honoring Christ's presence.—Heb. x., 25.

Sun., June 2.—Topic—Jesus in our meetings.—John xx., 19; Matt. xviii., 19, 20.)

Teachers Letters.

A correspondent writes that for many years she always wrote birthday letters to the members of her classes, both the morning class for little children, and the afternoon class for elder girls. The teacher married and left the town, but, more than twenty years afterwards, when attending a mission service in the east of London a young woman with her husband recognized and spoke to her. 'Do you not know me? I am your little Milly,' she said, and took from her pocket the old faded birthday letter which she had received so many years ago. 'Oh, this has been a treasure to me; I have read it again and again, and it has helped me so much.' The delighted teacher remembered the lively little Milly quite well. 'And are you a Christian?' she asked. 'Yes, both I and my husband are trying to serve the Lord together,' was the reply. Our correspondent thinks this may encourage other teachers to write birthday letters to their scholars.—'Sunday School Times' (English).

Many a Sunday-school teacher is so fearful of being severe that he fails to be firm when firmness is essential to good order, and essential as well to self-respect and the respect of the class. How to be at once firm and tender is a problem to be solved by prayerful, watchful experience on the part of those who go to the class in Christ's spirit, and from a loving communion with him. Not long ago a teacher lost her temper and displayed sufficient firmness at the same time. But the fun-loving boys went away feeling hurt, as if they had been misjudged when they really meant no harm by their antics. It is well for the teacher, when necessary, first to insist kindly on good order, and then to make a renewed effort so to interest the boys that they shall be diverted from class plays and class gossip.—'S. S. Times.'

**Appetite is the Life of Our Trade.**

The following lines were suggested by these words spoken by a liquor dealer, in an address at a meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio:—'The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will soon be empty, as will be our coffers. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the habit has been formed. Above all things create appetite.'

He stands in the midst of the room,
His compeers are all seated around,
Naught about him suggesting the tomb
His appearance hale, hearty and sound.

'Tis a room with rich tapestries hung,
On the floor a soft carpet is spread,
Every token of wealth all about them is flung,
And the lights a soft radiance shed.

Who are they? and what do they here?
Are they men for diplomacy met?
Have they entered upon a scholastic career,
Understanding and wisdom to get?

Are their minds on philanthropy bent?
Are they seeking the good of mankind?
Perhaps to the Gospel their powers are lent,
To uplifting soul, body and mind!

Ah, no! the whole truth we must tell!
Yes, repeat it again and again!
They are agents of Satan and Hell,
For they seek the destruction of men.

Oh! what are they meeting to plot?
Did I say, the destruction of men?
If I said the destruction of children, oh
what
Would you think of my statement then?

Let us turn to the man on the floor,
As he stands in the midst of the room;
His appearance, as I've said before,
Suggests neither death nor the tomb.

Yet his business it is to destroy,
For through it all our drunkards are made;
It endangers the safety of each girl and boy;
For he's a rumseller by trade.

'Oh, surely,' say you, 'that is wrong;
Our children are certainly safe!
Surely he meddles not—for we've known of him long—
With the child of rich parents, or wail!'

'Why a child has no money to spend;
When it has, buys not sherry or hock!
Even so! come, your ear to this gentleman lend,
And say what you think of his talk.

'Men and brethren, and friends of the Trade,
There's a problem which meets us to-day,
And if 'tis not solved, I'm afraid
Our business no longer will pay.

'I admit, now our patrons are many,
All our coffers are full, to be sure;
Every day we glean many a penny
Alike from the Rich and the Poor.

'While these customers are all alive,
Our tills will be filled with their dimes,
And I warrant our business will thrive
While these folks have their liquor at times;

'But when all these drinkers are gone,—
For they all must die sooner or late,
Whom shall we be depending upon
To maintain us in comfort and state?

'We at one time could count on the youth
of our lands
To follow their elders who drank,
But that was before these new Temperance
Bands—
All the work of the Temperance Crank.
'Now the "Bands of Hope" train up the
boys
To be pledged by strict temperance rules,
And the wives have contrived, by petition
and noise,
To have Temperance taught in the schools,
'Our problem we never can solve,
Till our hold we regain on the youth;
And that will a bran new departure in-
volve,
Or we're beggared, my friends, in good
sooth.

'Some advice I will now give you free,
So attend me, each brother and man,
And I think that you all will agree
That it is a most excellent plan.

'You doubtless all know that 'twas said
By the lips of the "wisest of men,"
If we cast on the waters our bread,
We shall surely receive it again.

'Now the plan that I favor is this—
Unless of a better I hear,
Let's be kind to each laddie and Miss,
And regale them with free wine and beer.

'We must give them the choicest we've got,
Until fond of the drink they are made,
For this fact never should be forgot:
Appetite is the life of our trade.

'So let's smile on the wee pretty dears,
And give them our elder and wine,
That when our old drinkers have lived out
their years,
The young ones may fall into line.

'For the value we give them, in drams and
in gills,
Of the silver bits, Five and the Ten,
Will return to our tills all in One Dollar
Bills,
When they come to be women and men.'

He ceased; and the Dealers around
Began freely expressing their praise;
They called his advice both sagacious and
sound,—
These men of dark, vampire ways!

What say you, Christian men of our land?
All the noble, high-souled and true!
Shall this Satan-born curse be permitted to
stand,
To menace your children and you?

Shall these men whose 'eyes stand out with
fat,'
Be the ruin of boy and of maid,
And plead in excuse of such fiendishness,
that
'Appetite is the life of their trade?'

Oh arise, loyal citizens all!
Lest your God in the Judgment upbraid;
Pluck up this great evil so rank and so tall,
Arise! be the death of their trade!
—J. N. Sturk, in 'Forward,' Nova Scotia.

Five Hundred and Fifty Sur- gical Cases without Alcohol.

Five hundred and fifty surgical cases, without alcohol, are reported by Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis, of Chicago. Five hundred and forty-nine were discharged improved and cured. Dr. Davis, in referring to the delusion under which the world has labored for centuries, declares that alcohol is a depressant, a paralyzer, an anaesthetic, in its action, lowering vitality, and from the very inception of its influence interfering with every vital function. It is a cardiac irritant, but not a stimulant. The patient must of necessity endure the operation and the normal anaesthetic, which are quite sufficient to tax the vital powers to their full capacity. To add alcohol to the double burden is to make it a triple one, and to so far endanger life. If the United States would rule the world, whiten the distant seas with the sails of her commerce, extend her intellectual realm till her voice is law in the capitals of the Orient, let her for two generations abandon alcohol, and she can realize her ambition.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

Correspondence

Mount Thom, Pictou Co.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Messenger' for the first year, and like it very much. I go to Sunday-school. With love to all who read this letter.
JOSIE McC.

Harrison, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and I have about a mile to walk. We like our teacher very much. I have two brothers, one is fifteen years old, and the other is ten years old.
IDA H.

Springhill, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have no brothers nor sisters. I am thirteen years old and go to school nearly every day. With all good wishes to those who read this letter.
JENNIE McN.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters in the 'Messenger' every week, and thought perhaps you would like to hear from me. I am a Canadian girl ten years old. I live on a farm called Fountain Grove, it is three miles from the boundary line of New York State. I have five brothers and three sisters. My eldest brother is a captain in the army, and I have one in Chicago. I walk to school one and a quarter miles every day. I am longing for spring, when I can go to the bush to help to make sugar.
RHODA ALICE C.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been home from school all this week with the grippe. When my 'Messenger' came it seemed just like some friend coming to see me. It cheered me up a good deal. I like the 'Messenger' very much. It has such a large number of interesting stories. I liked that story about 'Stella.' I have an uncle who is deaf and dumb. I can talk to him on one hand, and two hands both. My father can talk very fast to him on one, while my mother can talk slowly on two. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a very nice teacher. I also attend day-school regularly. I have been blowing bubbles all morning. I have no brothers or sisters to play with but my chum came in after school with me. When I receive my 'Messengers' I have them sewed together. I am trying to get someone else to subscribe for it, too. I have no pets, but a dog and bird. I wonder if any person's birthday is the same as mine—June 25th.
ELMER P. (Aged 10.)

Martinvale, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—Papa gets the 'Messenger' and I find the texts in the Find-the-Place Almanac. My birthday is on September 1st. Our minister's name is Mr. Gunn, we like him very well. Papa keeps the post-office, and the 'Messenger' comes on Tuesday.
ANNIE B. (Aged 11.)

Aberfeldy, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and think we could not do without it. I live about a mile from school, and I like to go to school very much. My father is a farmer. I have two brothers but no sisters. I wonder if any little girl has the same birthday as mine, August 1. Wishing the 'Messenger' good success.
MYRTLE. (Aged 10.)

Ulverton, A.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school and my sister gets the 'Northern Messenger.' We have lots of little calves this winter. Papa takes the 'Witness' and thinks it the best paper he gets. I have got some hens, and have to feed them. I have a little playmate named Percy.
TRENHOLM R. (Aged 9.)

Leads Village, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the Correspondence. I wonder if any of the readers' birthdays are on the same date as mine, Jan. 30. I have twelve cousins, seven aunts, one grandfather, two sisters, and one brother. My father is a farmer. We go to the Presbyterian Church, and we have a

library. I have a 'Birthday Book,' and I have 89 names in it.

GLANVILLE G. (Aged 10.)

Mount St. Louis, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. We go to Sabbath-school at Moonstone. I went to school last summer. We have two miles to go to school. We have two dogs named Watch and Sport. I have one cat named Tomassie. I was eight years old on the 25th of February.
McLAREN M.

Oshawa.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much especially the letters. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. I have a pet cat called Niger, he is black all over. I had a little kitten, too, but it died. We have lots of fun sleigh-riding.
FLORENCE M. H. (Aged 8.)

Oshawa.

Dear Editor,—I live in Oshawa, which is on Lake Ontario. I have one brother and three sisters. I go to the Presbyterian Church and get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have a pair of skates and I like skating. I am in the Junior Third Reader. With best wishes to the 'Messenger.'

DONALD S. H. (Aged 10.)

Shoal Harbor.

Dear Editor,—It is my first trial to write to the 'Messenger.' I like it very well, especially the Correspondence. I have one brother, and we have two cats, their names are Peggie and Wiseeyes. We have five hens and a Dickey-bird.
ARNINEUS W. (Aged 10.)

Tidnish Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm twelve miles from the town of Amherst. I have two sisters and one brother. I go to school, and on stormy days papa drives me. I have a pet kitten. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. My father has quite a lot of men in the woods this winter. I will close with love to the 'Messenger.'

GRACE D. C. (Aged 11.)

St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be twelve in November. I have two brothers but no sisters. My eldest brother is thirteen and the other is three months, so I have to mind him. My father is a civil engineer out in British Columbia, so my mother is thinking of going out there, too. I would like to go very much, but I hate to leave my friends here. We have a nice garden and I am sure we would miss it very much if we moved. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. I like it very much, it explains everything so nicely. I like to read the Correspondence best of all.
LILIAN R.

Forest.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for eight years, and we like it very much. It came in my father's name for six years, and in mine for the last two years. I have three sisters and no brothers. I go to school nearly every day. I have about two miles to go. I have seen three letters in the 'Messenger' about Lottie T. I am glad that lady is going to send some books to poor little Lottie.
SARAH B. (Aged 9.)

Annapolis, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I take the paper and I like it very much, and I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page.
LILLA H. T.

West Shefford.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' four years. I enjoy hearing mama read the little letters. My papa is a farmer. I have two brothers and one sister.
HELEN B. L. (Aged 7.)

GOOD FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

George Copeland, Sprucedale, Ont., writes: 'We cannot do very well without the 'Messenger.' It is a good, wholesome paper, full of good advice for both young and old. One thing sure, you will get no trash in the good old 'Messenger.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Caution in Little Things.

There are for the young and inexperienced housekeeper many little things that once learned are learned forever, but a lack of the knowledge of which will always prove inconvenient and subject one to considerable loss. One beginner in the domestic realm complained frequently that the milk soured, and it tried her not a little that, when she spoke of it a few times to the milkman, he said, pleasantly, but with decision, that she was the only customer on his route who ever found the milk he furnished unsatisfactory. An aunt who visited in the family quietly remarked that the milk was left on the doorstep too long, in even cool, but muggy, weather, and that it stood altogether too long on the kitchen table after being taken in. Two extremely simple things that, it would seem, would occur to any one, yet this young lady was surprised that it was necessary to be so prompt in dealing with milk. As she still had trouble at times, however, it remained for an intelligent servant to give her a needed lesson.

'If you please, ma'am,' she said, 'you put the milk close to the salad dressing in the refrigerator and of course the sourness was catchin'.'

'Is that possible?' asked the young mistress.

'Why, for certain, ma'am,' replied the girl. 'You never must put anything sour near the milk; it's always ready to "turn" on the least excuse; and either lemon juice, vinegar, or pickles, if put too near, up gets the milk and resents it, gettin' sour for itself.'

There was but little trouble with the milk after a while.

Some one declared, one night, that the soup tasted of kerosene-oil and wasn't fit to eat. It occurred to the housewife that the soup-kettle was kept in a closet under the sink, which was always neat, but that a kerosene-oil can was also kept in a far corner of the closet. She had had misgivings more than once as to the propriety of keeping the can where it was. On speaking of it to her husband, he said: 'Never keep a can of kerosene-oil in any closet, especially one where any kind of cooking utensils are kept! Let the can stand where the strong fumes can evaporate as soon as possible. The cellar is the best place.' It would seem that common sense would teach this, but some do not think of it. We saw a package of crackers sent back to a grocer a little while ago which were impregnated through and through with the unsavory odor of kerosene. It was found that a careless clerk had allowed a barrel of the crackers to stand over night in the vicinity of an oil hoghead. It is needless to add that the entire barrel of crisp wafers was a dead loss.

A man given to make scientific experiments sniffed warily on entering his mother's kitchen. 'There's nothing here that can be spoiled,' the lady affirmed. 'Last night at dinner we had an excellent piece of roast beef; it is in the cool pantry, and I intend having it sliced for lunch.'

'Then you'll be poisoned,' rejoined her son; and, going to the pantry, he showed her that the trouble arose from having allowed the beef to stand in the reddish gravy. 'Decomposition,' he said, using plainly the distasteful word, 'will often take place in a very few hours where meat that is rare is allowed to stand in the dish-gravy. Your nice meat would have been all right to-day, had you put it on another platter free from the gravy the taint of which I recognized the moment I entered the kitchen.'

Another inexperienced housekeeper was annoyed at the speed with which her bread would have a musty taste. One day, a neighbor saw her carefully washing out the tin chest in which her nice loaves were kept, and, with true neighborly kindness, being justified also by superior age, she said, laughingly:

'My dear, I'm afraid your bread will spoil.'

'Well, now, do tell me what I am doing wrong!' exclaimed the younger woman.

'My bread does spoil, and I've tried in vain to find out the reason.'

'In the first place,' the neighbor replied, 'your tin is not perfectly dry. Any moisture will produce a musty, mouldy taste in a very little while; and, then, your bread is not cool enough to put away. I see you have wrapped it cautiously about with a portion of an old table-cloth, an excellent thing to do after the loaves have cooled. I have seen cooks wrap bread up in that way while warm, where it was to be eaten immediately; but it is not the correct way to shut the steam in with a cloth. Let the bread cool, have the tin chest thoroughly dried and well aired, then wrap up the loaves in soft cloth, and it will keep moist and perfectly sweet. Don't use the cloth long without washing it. I have often eaten bread that tasted of a cloth that needed washing. Bread is unavoidably greasy on the outside, and no taste sooner communicates itself to a linen cloth than the one adhering to whatever is baked in a pan.'

'Such little things, and yet so important!' exclaimed the younger woman.

'My dear, these little things are what make up the essentials in house-keeping,' was the reply. 'They are the minor details, often omitted in the cook books, and yet our sagacious old Dinah, a colored cook, who, if she was not the person of the household, was vastly mistaken, used to toss her head and say: "De pepper an' de salt dat's in de shakers is only a sign dat means common sense, an' dat in de han' ob a pusson dat knows seasons ob de entire supply ob de fam'bly."

Dinah was right. The common sense that comes of experience becomes the pepper and salt that both seasons and preserves whatever is properly cooked, and enjoyed when it is eaten.—'Christian Work.'

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